

1849

Letter from Thomas Coke Wright to James B. Finley

Thomas Coke Wright

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Our Saviour when he ascended to glory in the Heavens
left us something better than the cloak of Elijah - the hope
of one day being with him in a glorious immortality!! &c

The foregoing extract is merely an average one. Some passages
may be found better than this

I saw Richard W. Sale lately and
he told me he had found some writing to you a letter from
your brother John P. to his father; also a letter from Judge McLean
to him on the subject of education. He thinks these letters might
be of some use to you and if he can be informed when you
will be in Roma what day he will meet you here and deliver
them to you. He resides at present at his mother's

The pages I send

up have not been corrected nor printed but in

the those intended for the press that matter will be
attended to I send them by Mr. A. E. Glenn
a dealer of Columbus. I have no doubt but your
book will sell well.quire Harris an intelligent
book seller of this place says Murray will by and
read it on account of the nature of the contents while
there are others again who will buy it on account
of the other - he has no doubt but it will do well
I have much curiosity to see it myself

Wishing you health happiness & prosperity

Fremont Gray & Thomas Coke Wright

Roma Greene County Ohio

July 1849

Dear Uncle

Having a chance by private conveyance
I send you a few pages of my sketches of Hamilton that you may
see how I made my commitment. In copying what is here
sent I inadvertently left out a paragraph which not being willing
to lose I determined to copy it over again that is the reason I happen
to have these sheets to send. This commitment will show
you in what manner I have brought in collateral matters
suggested by the subject and which can either be retained or left
out just as circumstances may require. A more detailed statement
of what he wanted to me would be tolerable dry as it was confined
mostly to his business and pursuits. For instance he did not tell
me any thing about Governor Tacon or his administration nor of
the state of morals in Kalamazoo &c &c. All he told me was that he
rented Tacon Theatre and what he did with it. When and when I
learned what I have said about him and his government I knew
me more than the man in the moon. It was in my head &
I put it down knowing I had learned it some where in the
course of my reading and thought it a good place to introduce it.
Neither did Hamilton give me any account or description of
the town and facts &c which I knew about before.

I have read what
is sent with this to one or two of my literary friends who seem
to think it will read pretty well and be interesting

But his speech will be the great attraction and his letters
must. In one of them he draws a picture of your own self
and very correctly too. In one them I find the following in
looking over them it stands me to find a quotation he gave you
a specimen of his style. "But some doubt the immortality of the
soul. And if the soul be not immortal then religion is but a
splendid delusion. Men of great talents have devoted their lives to
undermine this mighty structure upon which rests the future
hopes of millions. Did they consider that they were seeking to break
down that column which supports the pillars of humanity
and which is the only hope of the poor, the unfortunate and the
despised in this world. O tell me not when my body is reposing
in the silent grave that I am doomed to a night of eternal darkness.
For what purpose did Christ come into the world? For what purpose
did he yield up his life on the cross? if there is no hope beyond the
grave "Verily if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all
men most miserable" I have seen nature arrayed in her most
beauteous robes wither and die. Yet I have beheld this scene
renewed, the fair buds come forth and unfold in gorgeous flowers
to the sun. The rose, the Lily, the moss rose, the tulip and all
"the beauteous sisterhood of flowers" again decorate the hills and
adorn the valleys. The song of the Linnet the Thrush and the lark
the bubbling fountain and the gushing stream all proclaim the

the resurrection from the tomb of winter. I have seen
the worm turn itself a serpent. For a while it lay in its
silken case but at length it came forth transformed from
a crawling worm to a beauteous butterfly in gorgeous robes to
flew abroad amongst the beauties of nature. Thus shall it be with
the ~~man~~ man. They must be laid in the dust but there is a
voice that can call thee into being again. At the sound
of that voice thou shalt burst a sinner from the confinement of the
tomb and come forth with renewed life to participate in the
weal or woe of an never ending eternity. There is something sad in
the falling leaves. There is something melancholy in the reflection that
nothing that is beauteous can escape the consuming hand of time.
There is something awful in the thought of death. But there is a
hope in a blessed immortality. Hope is the cordial of life. It commences
with us in the morning of life existence and through our journey
through life it scatters its flowers along our path. Human hopes are
frequently doomed to bitter disappointment. But the hope of the
Christian never fails and never will mislead us. One is a meteor
which after leading us into many places and is extinguished on its hurried
hordes, the other is like the pillar of light which guided the
Hebrews through the pathless desert from the house of bondage
and only left them when they had reached the promised land.
The Christian's hope is a passion flower sprung from the blood of
a Saviour and watered by his grace. Elijah as he ascended on
his fiery chariot threw his prophetic mantle on his favourite disciple